

Sol in Ascendente.

O R

The Glorious Appearance of

CHARLES  
THE SECOND,

UPON

The Horizon of *LONDON*, in  
her Horoscopical Sign, *Gemini*.

---

*Fam vaga cælo sidera fulgens,  
Aurora fugat; surgit Titan  
Radiante coma, mundoque diem  
Reddit clarum.*

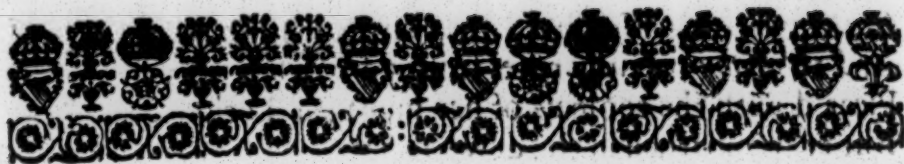
---

EDINBURGH,

Re-printed by *Christopher Higgins*, in *Harts Close*, over against  
the *Trone-Church*, *Anno Dom. 1660.*

472 Lon  
Ch  
Sig

(3)



*SOL in ASCENDENTE;*

O. R.

The Glorious Appearance of  
**CHARLS the Second,**

Upon the Horizon of **LONDON,**  
in her Horoscopical Sign,  
*Gemini.*

**A**nd now the Nights dire Tragedies are done,  
Woes are dissolv'd to Bliss, we have out-run  
The Ills, that did pursue us in fierce chase;  
And softer Revels do possess their place.  
What Peace old *Rome* saw in *Augustus* dayes,  
Will *England* feel, while **CHARLES** shall wear the Bayes,  
For Heav'n has held her peace, rowse up, then rise!  
Let not dull sleep seize on your sluggish eyes;  
Awake! and greet this Calm; these gentle Gales,  
(Swell'd with rich Air) invites to spread our sails.

What though the cripl'd Heav'n has seem'd to trace,  
No other Motion, then lame *Satur'n's* pace;



( 4 )

Yet now behold ! the lingring Hours at last,  
Shake off those Weights, that on their Feet were plac't ;  
And th' *Morn* is fully rose, from yon dark Rocks,  
Pleas'd with the coolness of her moistned Locks ;  
But er'st imbathed in the dewy tears,  
Which long Nights sorrows, pressed through our tears.

Mark ! how the Clouds disband, how they retire,  
To see our Heav'n archd' o're, with this bright fire ;  
How yon declining Moon, ( conscious of Ill )  
Sets with a waisting paleness ; and how still  
The charmed windes are in their severall flights ;  
How all those numberless tumultuous Lights,  
Which twinkling look, as struck with trembling fear,  
Shrink in their sockets ; dye, now th' *Sun* draws near.  
Observe ! instead of Clouds, how th' fresher Air  
Inwraps us round, with its preserving care ;  
And the forgotten glory of our *Sun*,  
Which here comes tiding on our Horizon,  
Does like a lucky *Planet* fix his Beam  
On the Ascendant, of the Kingdoms Scheme.

See ! see ! our *Phæbus*, who ith' Sea was pent,  
His Steeds unharnest, and to grazing sent ;  
His Chariot set aside, and what he chose  
For rest, became disturbance, not repose,  
Awakes ! his Generous Horses curl their Mains,  
And Champ their Bits ; hee's mounted, handling's Reins,  
Throwing his usual glories round his Face,  
And making ready for a second Race.

Behold ! his Chariot cuts the Eastern line,  
And his Serener Brows with Glory shine,  
Deckt in refulgent lustre round about :  
Thus th' *Sun*, at first cleft Heav'n, and so brake out.

See ! Glories arch His Crown, Majestick Grace,  
With Mirtle wreathes, his Temples do imbrace ;

All

(5)

All sacred Lustre from about him sheds,  
Fame rides before, and circularly spreads  
From her select collections, what's most due  
To his, so great Deserts, and Patience too.  
Whilst Heav'n it self breaks through his lovely Smile;  
Thus looks th' auspicious *Fortune* of this Isle.

They are his Native Rayes, that render bright  
This *Morn*, and dress it with Celestial Light;  
Whose all-attracting power sucks up the Dew,  
That new begotten Gladness sends unto  
Our eyes; which (Hallowed) is let fall agen,  
To shelter us from Devils, and worser men.

Lo! Heav'n has now subscrib'd to our request,  
Here with a glorious *Sun* we all are blest;  
Whilst the Nights guilty shadows sneak away  
Back to their Cave, at this approach of day.  
Let's then no more our wither'd Joyes lament,  
Let sadness be condem'd to Banishment;  
And Mis'ry cease to grinde: let's pay our Vowes,  
And strow our streets with peacefull Olive Boughs:  
Of whose fair Trunks new Gates let us prepare  
For *Janus* Temple to shut out fierce War,  
And keep in Peace; whilst due obedience shall  
Our Bosoms fill, ne're to know Ebb at all.

But first, all cordial greetings we must pay,  
From our devoutest souls to this blest *Day*;  
Next to our *Sun*, such just observance give  
As his great worth deserves: then pray to live  
To see Meridian Beams dance on his Crown,  
And full blown Glories, shine about his Throne.

And since that Heav'n thus smiles, let each full soul,  
Unlade such thanks, may rise above controul;  
Unfold free welcomes to imbrace this *Morn*;  
And to those forward joyes, which are new borne  
In Loyal hearts, force passage to each Tongue,

Venting.

( 6 )

Venting the Acclamations thither throng.  
Let's kiss the *Hand*, that steer'd Affairs to this,  
Let's bless those Eyes, to see this hour did wish :  
Esteem it dear as heav'n which sent it, such  
As our Devotions cannot praise too much.  
Repeat these Blessings while there is a day,  
Which this Moneth brought, with Ills it took away ;  
And date our Records hence, make them retain  
Force and effect from *CHARLES the Second's Reign* :  
Let's in all gladsome looks our faces dress,  
All grateful welcomes let our hearts express ;  
Darting such Spirits from each greedy eye,  
By whose reflection he our loves may spye :  
Nor can he by a better Medium find,  
How strongly we to duty are inclin'd ;  
Unless we were all eyes, that so each part  
Being fill'd with eyes, might all become one heart.

Yet see ! and let's wear out our eyes in view  
Of these fair looks, Fate doth to us renew ;  
( Pleasing to heav'n ) yea, let's Anticipate,  
What forward gratitude can yet create :  
And like to Tides, bring all our wealth on shore,  
Open our Cabinets, lay out our store,  
Wear them upon our brows, and make them grow.  
Up to the Sands, whose number none can know.  
Let's greet this *Hero* with a full spread sail,  
And strive, who can in strife of joy prevail :  
Kiss Heav'n with thanks, and make our hearty cries,  
Roll round in Ecchoes, pierc'd the arched skyes.

Look with what conquering Aspect he returns,  
Boarding the hearts of all he sees ; and mourns  
At nought so much, as those wan looks which we  
( And our black night ) tanp'd with disloyalty,  
That gracious *Face* we view through humble Tears,  
Brings healing to the wounds of these late years :  
Nor need we doubt, our great *Appollo* will

Secure



Secure this *Island* with his ablest skill  
 Like *Delas*, (to requite his nursing years)  
 From all assaults of future storms and Fears.

For see ! he comes offering Oblivion,  
 Forgetfull of what's past, or lost, or done ;  
 Cloath'd with the general Good, (that weighty Care )  
 Attended with those thoughts that pious are,  
 Bringing along all Charms to still our Fears ;  
 Fill'd with ripe knowledge, of experienc'd years ;  
 Able to poise all Interests, quit each score,  
 To stanch that waste of Blood long running o're,  
 And cure our rankled wounds ; if wee'l but sip,  
 That healing Balsom, droppeth from his Lip :  
 In fine, here comes *the close of all debate*,  
 Worthy to manage a far greater State.

Tis true, he has been plundred o're and o're,  
 And little left, but what might stile him poor ;  
 Yet is his stock of favours not impair'd,  
 There's plenty left for those deserve reward ;  
 His wiser judgment can most clearly see,  
 The fitting dues, belong to each degree :  
 And happy we, that once again behold,  
 His just Authority himself infold ;  
 Which nev'r shall alter him, unless his Power,  
 Rise up to's will to do us good each hour.

What thoughts dare then deny this *Sun* his Rayes,  
 Who is the Spring and Fountain of our dayes ;  
 The brightest Eye, of this our little world ;  
 Whose spreading Rady in rich Glories curl'd,  
 Grow from his own essential light ; their power  
 Raiseth the lustre, of this growing hour.  
 From these all-glorious Beams, on us shall shine  
 The light of Peace and Happinesse Divine ;  
 Even all those Halcion dayes we once beheld,  
 When our replenish't Cornucopia's swell'd.

( 8 )

Since then his *Fate*, has gain'd the *Eastern Light*,  
May it recover the *Meridian height*.  
Whilst all good Fortunes lead him to that *Hill*,  
And further him from good to better still :  
May Heav'n, which did through Clouds, his sufferings mark,  
And with Compassion view'd his sinking Bark,  
Ne'er leave him till *Astrea* right his wrongs,  
Fully restoring what to him belongs ;  
Then Place him like *Olympus* lofty Rocks,  
That Kiss the Heav'ns, and mount above those shocks  
Of under storms, would toss him to and fro,  
With their false byast Guests ; for we must know  
*Justice* can ne'er be evenly rendred, till  
He like the Sun in his Meridian dwell.

---

*F I N I S.*

---